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Pers. Thompson Frank Jr.

Twenty-two federal agencies board at our embassies. They have nearly 36,000 American civilians scattered around in 138 countries on our taxpayers' pay roll. In addition, we taxpaying peasants pay about 91,000 foreign nationals in our agencies overseas.

Only about 37 per cent of all U.S. civilians assigned abroad are employees of the State Department our aid agency and the U.S. Information Agency all lumped together. More than half (52 per cent) work for the Defense Department. The remaining 11 per cent are employed by other Washington bureaus too numerous to list.

In some places I've been, the coordination is like a dozen Ben Turpins peeping at each other through an aspidistra plant.

As one result to which all this contributes, the Federal Reserve Board figures show that in the past 10 years we lost about \$8.4 billion in gold while other countries gained \$13 billion. The gold behind our money fell from \$21.9 billion to \$13.3 billion. Other countries' gold climbed from \$14.3 billion to \$27.5 billion and their additional dollar balances subject to conversion into our taxpayers' dollars went from \$13.8 billion to \$28.2 billion. The outside world now holds \$55 billion in gold and dollars—nearly twice as much as 10 years ago—while our gold reserve has just struck another new 29-year low.

Nevertheless, President Johnson most lately promised the fifth annual conference for the Alliance of Progress that America's (taxpayers') goals in Latin America are 140 million new jobs, a million new homes, countless new classrooms, etc., and all with no discernible way to achieve these even though we taxpaying peasants have been putting about \$1 billion a year down there and still are.

What Mr. Johnson might more honestly have told us in his budget message is that all nine members of an advisory committee sponsored by the Organization of American States have resigned because of "haphazard methods of determining aid programs" and have reported their resignations to the General Accounting Office, charged by law with auditing federal agencies.

This inside explosion caused an inside impasse which President Johnson has kept under cover while he claims frugality in the foreign aid budget.

The General Accounting Office has been refused permission to audit many of the President's own agencies' expenditures for the Alliance for Progress.

Mr. Johnson falls again to tell us the full truth. The new, better-balanced Congress should not start its cuts with the professed \$3 billion. The unrevealed total \$9 billion is the proper target. Please remember this the next time you see the nonsense about \$3 billion.

Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. MARTHA W. GRIFFITHS
OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Wednesday, February 15, 1967

Mrs. GRIFFITHS. Mr. Speaker, shortly after the death of Senator Byrd of Virginia, John A. Hamilton, a former Virginian now writing for the Detroit Free Press, wrote a beautiful tribute to the Senator. I am pleased to spread it in the Record so that all who admired Senator Byrd may read it.

The article follows:

BYRD, OF VIRGINIA, DIES—VOTERS, PRESIDENTS
AWAITED HIS WORD
(By John A. Hamilton)

Forgive the personal reference. I want to talk about Sen. Harry Flood Byrd, a Virginian, and about my home state with its Blue Ridge Mountains now ablaze with red oaks and orange ashes and, many leagues below, its Shenandoah River winding gently among these hills.

I ride the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.

Edwin Markham's lines tug at those of us who have tramped the wooded Blue Ridge, still notched with Stonewall Jackson's trenches, and the lines call to all who have lived in the Valley of Virginia amid its red barns, white frame homes, spired churches and carefully tended fields dotted this time of year with golden hutches of reaped wheat.

Byrd's dead now, at 79, and he will be claimed by the hills he loved.

Avid mountain climber, Byrd ignored intense arthritic pains in his later years to scale such peaks as Hawks Bill, Naked Top, Roundhead Ridge and, his favorite, Old Rag. Earlier, he badgered Franklin D. Roosevelt into building the Blue Ridge Parkway and Byrd personally donated camp sites and cabins high in the mountains. He became the National Park Service's only honorary member.

Politicians from the deep folds of Virginia's western mountains as well as those from the rolling Piedmont section of the state to Tidewater where resort sands edge the Atlantic looked to Byrd for guidance.

Byrd held high public office for more than half a century, heading the powerful Byrd organization which ran Virginia and, for many years, the Senate Finance Committee which carefully reviews major pieces of spending legislation. On many important issues presidents, state officials and court-house hangers-on alike awaited "the word" and the word came from Byrd. He was as he has been called, the Buddha of Berryville.

But no brooding Buddha, he. Small, frail in his later years, he remained vigorous until his mortal illness forced him to resign from the Senate about a year ago. The things you remember about him were his charm and grace and persuasiveness, his twinkling eyes and rosy cheeks which puffed up round and red when he smiled.

Courtly, conservative, a man of impeccable integrity, this Virginia Democrat held the esteem of virtually every member of Congress who came to know him and, so, it is not extraordinary that a Republican member of the House has eulogized him perhaps better than others in Washington.

Rep. Gerald Ford of Michigan said that "Byrd's devotion to the fundamentals of free government will remain an inspiration to all of us. Virginia has produced her share of great Americans, from Washington to Wilson and from Jefferson to Harry Flood Byrd."

Byrd was a Jeffersonian Democrat in that he believed government ought to be kept close to the people. "Divide the counties into wards!" urged Jefferson.

"Virginians today still believe in the Jeffersonian doctrine that the least governed people are the best governed," said Byrd. "We oppose the vast and increasing concentration of power in the federal government and we are alarmed by it."

In a rumpled white linen suit, mopping perspiration from a reddish face, Byrd would mount the back of a flat-bed truck or stand atop a wooden crate at his annual apple orchard picnics and talk politics. In the nature of things hard to explain to outsiders, Byrd's political philosophy was Virginia's political philosophy and vice versa, each drawing strength from the other. Osmosis

was an active force at work in the state and the young absorbed philosophy as the soil absorbed rain.

Part was metaphysical, a fusion of spirits with a large degree of intuition involved. As the birds knew to fly south in the winter and the oaks to turn red and the sycamores yellow. Virginians knew—or thought they knew—how Byrd felt on issues.

"The reasons for Virginians' conservatism can be summarized in four parts," he explained at a picnic several years ago: "Deep background in the development of the American system; great ordeals under oppression of centralized power; unwavering adherence to principles; and belief in sound progress. Our attitude has never been expressed better than Thomas Jefferson put it in an 1816 letter to Samuel Kerchival. He said:

"A departure from principle in one instance becomes a precedent for a second; the second for a third; and so on 'til the bulk of society is reduced to misery without sensibilities, except for sin and suffering. The forehorse of this frightful situation is public debt. Taxation follows that, and in its train there is wretchedness and oppression."

Byrd opposed many social reform measures of the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier and Great Society. He broke completely with FDR, caused President Truman to complain about "too many 'birds' in the Congress," and young John F. Kennedy to confess that "he gives us fits." Nor could Byrd accept the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision, terming it "the ultimate in judicial usurpation" and looking wistfully for its reversal.

But Byrd's opposition was based on principles, not prejudices, for as governor of Virginia he had inserted one of the first anti-lynch laws onto southern law books. He balked at some spending measures of various administrations because he considered them profligate, jeopardizing the value of the dollar and threatening the sort of inflation settling on the land today. He annually trimmed non-essential federal expenditures by millions of dollars.

Our ship of state needs anchors as well as propellers and with Byrd's death it has lost a valuable one. Doubtless his rural background helps explain his political philosophy. An apple grower, one of the largest in the world, he lived at his beautiful Rosemont much as Jefferson had lived at Monticello.

And the poet Markham in writing of the mountains wrote also of Byrd.

I ride the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain
Grind on, O cities, grind
I leave you a blur behind.

Byrd's roots, tracing back to Virginia's earliest aristocracy, were nourished in rural Virginia.

"I love these mountains," he once confided from the top of Old Rag. "I like to look out over the ridges and valleys and watch the changing shadows."

As Byrd loved his Virginia, a native far from home can report, so his Virginia loved him.

CIA and NSA

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. FRANK THOMPSON, JR.
OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, February 7, 1967

Mr. THOMPSON of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, the current uproar over the